THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1802. [No. 49.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXVI.

Not showers to larks, nor sunshine to the bee
Are half so grateful as thy sight to me.
POPE.

Last night, as I sat musing in my chamber, till my fire was out, and till both my candle and nose looked blue, I could not avoid reflecting, with some complacency, upon the success of these little papers. I had learned, in the course of the past week that two of my speculations had been bought for the express purpose of curling the hair, four had the honour to wrap up bride cake, six were employed at the bottom of a trunk, to defend Kitty Transparent's muslin gown from the attrition of a long journey in the stage coach, and twelve, more or less, were ordered to Washington by a valiant secretary to make cartridges for the French and Spanish wars. Civility so flattering, and patronage so wide animate me some degrees beyond the apathy of a Lounger. I shall now, with a semblance of alacrity, look over my files, and arrange, with more than usual assiduity, the favours of my correspondents. The first letter that I cast my eye on, contains an ORIGINAL POEM, which will form the *durable* substance of to-day's speculation. The miscellaneous reader, as he pauses to consider the measure of the verse, will recollect SHERIDAN's verses to Miss Linley,

Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew dropping tree;

and the poetical reader will be pleased to read one Lounger, which neither creeps in apathy, nor sinks to tameness.

Ye shepherds your ill tim'd amusements forego,
Those flower woven garlands so sprightly unbind,
I'll suit your diversions with tidings of woe,
I'll suit with the fears, that disquiet my mind.

For well must you know, how with sickness and pain
Dorinda has long been severely assail'd,
Each human endeavour prov'd powerless and vain,
And nought the nice efforts of science avail'd.

Yet, alas! they inform me the symptoms increase;
And life from the conflict seems musing to fly;
Then cease, gentle shepherds, your merriment, cease,
And reflect on the dangers, that threaten so nigh.

Ah, rather repair to yon rivulet's side,
And bind your sad brows with the pale willow wreath,
There lonely reclin'd by the murmuring tide,
The melting effusions of elegy breathe.

For me, I will haste to the midwood recess,
I will haste to the gloom of the woodland profound;
There, pensive reclining, indulge my distress,
And pore on the sorrows, that thicken around.

Erewhile this sequester'd retreat when I sought,
'Twas to pour the soft language of hope and of joy;
Bright landscapes luxuriantly rose to my thought,
And the swift footed minutes stole placidly by.

Methought, all around me partook of my glee,
The stream o'er the pebbles stole playful away,
The breeze whisper'd mirth as it pass'd thro' the tree,
And fancy's enchantment made every thing gay.

But, ah! as the hours of affliction advance,
By degrees they awake to reflection and woe;
While fancy, assiduous our pains to enhance,
Averse to be neuter, enlists as a foe.

The shadows of eve'ning my grotto obscure,
The stream o'er the pebbles glides wailingly by;
The oak's aged branches wave awfully o'er,
And the breezes, shrill 'plaining, along the clift sigh.

Ah! 'plain not so sadly, thou querulous wind,
Thou stream, with less grieving, thy journey pursue;
Small need your laments should disquiet my mind,
Small need, that my griefs should be heighten'd by you.

In the circles of youth and of beauty admir'd,
How late in the meadows young Phil:ada shone;
What pleasing emotions her accents inspir'd,
How the shepherds would listen when Phillis begun.

Now cold on her grave hangs the dew drops of morn,
And daisies thick springing the green sods array;
Oft sighs as he passes the shepherd forlorn,
And homewards, dejectedly steals on his way.

Then oft the sweet red-breast mellifluent pours,
At lone hour of dew-fall his tenderest lay;
There oft, with nice industry searches the flow'rs,
And piously bears the rude insect away.

Ah! gentl'st of warblers, continue thy care,
Still guard from aught noxious the favourite soil;
Still warble thy evening roundelays there,
And, oh! that my verse could compensate thy toil.

Ah! think'st thou Dorinda, to leave us behind,
What strains could enliven, what valleys could cheer;
When should I so constant an advocate find,
How could I the loss of thy friendship repair?

How vain are our hopes of felicity here,
How quickly the prospects of youth are o'ercast!
Then let not fresh prospects fresh beauties ensnare,
Be check'd my fond heart and reflect on the past.

Oh! think ere thou give thine affections the rein,
Oh! think, will those graces so shining endure?
Oh! think thou must shortly relinquish with pain,
The charms which at present, so sweetly allure.

How happy the man who, this changeable scene
With the cursory glance of a traveller eyes,
Nor suffers allurements intruding between,
To divert his pursuit of unchangeable joys.

Who appriz'd that to happiest attachments below,
A sad separation full surely ensues;
A guarded approvance dares only bestow,
And timely the soft growing fondness subdues.

But, alas! tho' each moment fresh warnings impart,
Our visions of happiness here to resign;
Tho' instructed to turn the fond hopes of the heart,
To joys that unfadingly permanent shine.

No sooner the waves of affliction retire,
And hope's bright illusions return to the view;
Than, untaught by experience, again we admire,
And tho' still disappointed, with ardour pursue.

Still, still there are objects, that cling to the breast,
And with pleasing compulsion our wishes confine,
There are seals of affection so deeply imprest,
What bosom, that feels them, can bear to resign?

And so let it be, thy repinings recal,
'Tis meet we refuse not the favours bestow'd;
'Tis meet that affliction should also befal,
To awake our desires for a happier abode.

How hard were the state of probation below,
Was there nought of affection to soften the road;
No bord'ring attraction to steal us from woe,
No friendship to lighten adversity's load!

And shall friendship be shunn'd to avoid the distress,
Which the loss of that friendship may one day impart,
Is nought unexempt from decay and disease,
Deem'd worthy to share the fond hopes of the heart?

Ah! hapless Dorinda, how well could'st thou prove,
Tho' so fading and fleeting is every thing here;
There are objects deserving of friendship and love,
Tho' fading and fugitive, not the less dear.

Tho' sorrows thrill deep the susceptible mind,
And greatly its portion of pleasure exceed;
The joys and the griefs are so closely combin'd,
What bosom that feels them could wish to be freed?

Yes, still must I love you, ye elegant ties,
Tho' blended with troubles, your troubles are dear;
Ev'n pleasure oft dwells in a pensive disguise,
Nor scorns the soft features of sorrow to wear

Thus pour'd the sad Thyrsis his wild running lay,
But night overtook him as lonely he mourn'd;
When stealing at length from his cavern so gray,
He mournfully slow to the village return'd.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE FOURTH.

FUTURE DESTINY OF NORTH-AMERICA.

CHAPTER III.

America will not increase so rapidly in population and power, as many writers have maintained.

Many writers are in this respect, very sanguine in their hopes, and Brissot is the absurdest of them all. They build cities with the utmost expedition. It is to them, children's play, to strip millions of acres in a moment, of their trees, and to dam up rivers, and their imagination is peculiarly productive of immense numbers of people in the twinkling of an eye. All these appear to me to be mere dreams. The western regions are indeed very fertile; their climate mild, and healthier than that of the neighbourhood to the sea; but the pernicious land-usurers oppose obstacles to the population, without which they would make incomparably a more rapid progress. It is already known that the lands, even deep in North-America, are raised thereby in price, and that the confusion of the right of property is such, that no man is secure in his possession. This will obstruct the rapid cultivation of the land.

But even independent of these political causes, the settlement of a rough country, covered with wood, advances not so swiftly as those gentlemen imagine, who never extirpated trees, dried up marshes, or dammed in rivers. They reckon beforehand the population at some hundreds of millions, in a few centuries, and saw all America, from

sea to sea, over with cities. Brissot, if I recollect right, even maintains that this will be the case at the end of the nineteenth century. All this, is too much.

In respect to this increasing population, too much stress is laid upon the supposed excellence of the laws in the United States. We are too much astonished at what is said to have been in less than two centuries effected in the English colonies, without considering that in Brazil, and in Spanish America, greater progress seems to have been made towards the cultivation of the land, than in the North-American republic. Rio Janeiro, has according to credible testimony, many more inhabitants than the largest sea port town in the United States. Such a public work, as the aqueduct in Rio Janeiro would be sought in vain throughout the United States, and I believe nothing equal to it, could be found in Europe. Mexico, has many hundred thousand inhabitants. Philadelphia, the queen of the cities of the republic, has at most, only seventy thousand. In both the kingdoms of Mexico, there are many cities, which may compare with Philadelphia. Lima, Buenos Ayres, &c. are large cities; and the province of Quito is better cultivated than the county of Lancaster in Pennsylvania. New-Grenada is likewise a large and beautiful kingdom, which has a considerable capital city. Much must indeed be ascribed to the natural advantages of those delightful regions; for even the finest parts of the United States cannot by any means be compared with Chili, New-Grenada, Brazil, Quito, &c.

The progress of the English colonies, in population and culture, is therefore not so astonishing as it has been pretty generally considered, and I think I have already given the causes of it. It consists, according to my judgment in the mercantile system, which is adverse to the interests of agriculture.

It is surprising that the English government, in establishing their American colonies, were not more attentive to the preservation of the Indians, and to the mixture of them by marriages with the colonists. Instead of which, the colonists, by their rum and their small-pox, have ruined and murdered them. It is indeed generally affirmed in America, that the Indians are incapable of living in a civilized state; but in Mexico and Peru, this is not the case. In both these kingdoms there is yet a great number of Indians, who live like the Spaniards. The Choctaws practice farming; so do the six nations, and the Moravians had collected upon the Muskingum several villages of converted Indians, all which the Virginians, however, butchered; and this cruel massacre was never in the slightest degree punished by the government. What an increase of population would the present United States possess, had this measure been adopted from the first; but the taylors and shoe-makers from Scotland, and the gaol-birds from England, deemed themselves too pure and exalted to debase themselves by conscientious marriage with Indian princesses; and thus the only consideration was how to extirpate those Indians. This has been effected by poisoning them with every species of vice. The pretence, that the venereal disease was originally taken from them is hardly to be believed; and if the Indians were infected with it, we may venture the conjecture that the ladies, transported from England, who were by no means rigid in their virtue, were not altogether exempt from the same infection.

The English policy of sending their vilest miscreants to their colonies, or rather of founding them with such miscreants, appears to me to be not over-wise. A colony is thus vitiated in the very grain. On the contrary none but families in good repute, should be allowed to remove to colonies: these establishments should be founded by the flower of a nation, by the best individuals of the least corrupted class of human society, and be afterwards supported and encreased by successive emigrations. For the object in settling colonies ought to be, solely to acquire powerful friends and allies in every quarter of the world. But a colony descended from a lawless rabble, will feel no sentiment of gratitude towards the mother country, will upon the slightest occasion declare itself independent of her, and connect itself with her enemies.

A colony founded by vicious characters, will, owing to those vices, not increase in numbers and in cultivation, so rapidly as one settled by sober and industrious families. For every vice is destructive of the human body: they are properly nothing else but the dissolution of the human form. Even those evils which do not immediately impair the human body externally, weaken, however, its internal parts. Envy, hatred, revenge, anger, and even avarice, corrupt the inward parts. But the most dreadful of all, are the consequences of that vice, which poisons and mutilates the human race at its source, and almost annihilates the powers of propagation*.

Wickedness is, furthermore, always connected with error; hence it arises, that a morally corrupt citizen of a state, has always a false system of policy; and a bad system of policy impedes the growth of the state.

For all these reasons, therefore, I do not believe that America will so rapidly rise to such an extraordinary elevation, as authors too partially inclined towards her, suppose. It is still more problematical, whether the United States will ever extend from sea to sea; and this shall be the subject of our inquiries in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOMAS PAINE'S EPISTLES, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A hoary drunkard, with each vice imbued,
Malignant, without wit, and without passion, lewd.
Country Gaz. U. S. Nov. 30th, 1802.

THE EXAMINER, No. III.

In vol. 5, Journals of Congress, under date, January 6th, 1779, about one year and three quarters, after Paine's appointment, it is thus entered.

"A letter, of this day, from Thomas Paine, was read; whereupon, the order of the day, on the memorial of the minister of France, was called for, and the said memorial being read;

"Ordered, that Mr. John Dunlap, printer, and Mr. Thomas Paine, attend immediately at the bar of this house.

"Mr. John Dunlap attending, was called in, and the newspaper of the 2d and 5th January, 1779, intitled 'Pennsylvania Packet or General Advertiser,' being shewn to him, he was asked whether he was the publisher; to which he answered, yes.—He was then asked, who is the author of the pieces in the said papers, under the title Common Sense to the Public, on Mr. Deane's affairs; to which he answered, Mr. Thomas Paine, &c.

"Mr. Thomas Paine attending, was called in, and being asked, if he was the author of the pieces in the Pennsylvania Packet or general advertiser of January 2d and 5th, 1779, under the title Common Sense to the Public, on Mr. Deane's affairs; he answered that he was the author of those pieces; he was then ordered to withdraw."

January 7th, 1779.

"Congress resumed the consideration of the subject, which was under debate yesterday, and the following set of resolutions were moved;

"That all the late publications in the General Advertiser, printed by John Dunlap, relative to American foreign affairs, are *ill-judged, premature and indiscreet*, and that as they must, in general, be founded on very partial documents, and consequently depend much on conjecture, they ought not, by any means to be considered as justly authenticated. That congress never has given occasion for, or sanction to any of the said publications.

"That congress never has received any species of military stores, as a present, from the court of France, or from any other court or persons *in Europe*. That Mr. Thomas Paine, *for his imprudence, ought immediately to be dismissed* from his office of secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, and the said committee are directed to dismiss him accordingly, and to take such further steps *relative to his misapplication of public papers*, as they shall deem necessary."

In amendment, and as a substitute to the foregoing, the following set of resolutions was moved.

"Whereas Thomas Paine, secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, has acknowledged himself to be the author of a piece in the Pennsylvania Packet of January 2d, 1779, under the title Common Sense to the Public, on Mr. Deane's affairs, in which is the following paragraph, viz. "If Mr. Deane, or any other gentleman, will procure an order from congress, to inspect an account in my office, or any of Mr. Deane's friends in congress, will take the trouble of coming themselves, I will give him or them my attendance, and shew them in hand-writing, which Mr. Deane is well acquainted with, that the supplies he so pompously plumes himself upon, were promised and engaged, and that, as a present, before he even arrived in France; and the part that fell to Mr. Deane was only to see it done, and how he has performed that service, the public are now acquainted with." The last paragraph in the account is, upon Mr. Deane's arrival, in France, the business went into his hands, and the aids were at length embarked in the Amphitrite, Mercury and Seine. And whereas the said Tomas Paine, hath also acknowledged himself to be the author of a piece in the succeeding Packet of January 5, 1779, under the same title, in which is the following paragraph, to wit, "and in the second instance, that those, who are now her allies, prefaced that alliance by an early and generous friendship, yet, that we might not attribute too much to human or auxiliary aid, so unfortunate were these supplies, that only one ship out of three arrived; the Mercury and Seine fell into the hands of the enemy."

"Resolved. That the insinuation contained in the said publications, that the supplies sent to America in the Amphitrite, Seine and Mercury, were a present from France, *is untrue*.—That the publications above recited tend to impose upon, mislead and deceive the public.

"*That the attempt of the said Thomas Paine, to authenticate the said false insinuations, by referring to papers in the office of the committee of foreign affairs, is an abuse of Office.*

"*That the said Thomas Paine be, and he hereby is, dismissed from his said office.*"

A third set of resolutions was moved, as an amendment and substitute to the foregoing sets—viz.

"That congress are deeply concerned at the imprudent publication of Mr. Thomas Paine, secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, referred to by the minister of France, in his memorial of the 5th inst. and are ready to adopt any measure, consistent with good policy, and their own honour, for correcting any assertions or insinuations in the

* The present generation ought to blush for this ignominious punishment of their moral depravity: but they are far from so doing. On the contrary they murmur against the Deity for punishing thus their depravity. But justice must take its course: and how could vice be curbed if it were not connected with the punishment necessarily consequent upon it? The Deity never punishes: punishment is contrary to his essential nature, but vice punishes itself, and such an order of things is in the highest degree salutary.

said publications, derogatory to the honour of the court of France;

"That a committee be appointed to consider the said memorial and paragraphs referred to, that they confer with the minister of France on the subject, and report as soon as may be."

In lieu of the whole, the following resolution was moved as a substitute, viz.—

"Whereas, exceptionable passages have appeared in Mr. Dunlap's Pennsylvania Packet, of the 2d and 5th inst. under the character of Common Sense; and Thomas Paine, secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, being called before congres, avowed his being the author of those publications;

"Resolved, That Thomas Paine be summoned to appear before congress, at eleven o'clock to-morrow, and be informed what those exceptionable passages are, and called upon to explain and to shew by what authority he made those publications, in order that congress may take proper measures relative thereto.

"On the question to substitute the last resolution, as an amendment to the whole, the yeas and nays being required by Mr. G. Morris; it passed in the negative."

January 8, 1779.

"A letter, of this day, from Thomas Paine, was read, by which *he resigns his office of secretary to the committee of foreign affairs*, and in which are the following words, 'finding by the journals of this house of yesterday, that I am not to be heard,' &c. The sequel of this day's journal it is not material to transcribe, as it only relates to the order, which was taken in congress, upon Paine's insinuation, that he found by the journals of the preceding day, that he was not to be heard—when it turned out upon inquiry of the secretary, that Paine, nor any one else, had seen the journal; the insinuation therefore was *false*.

January 16, 1779.

"Congress took into consideration the letters from Thomas Paine, whereupon a motion was made that Mr. Thomas Paine be dismissed from office. To which an amendment was offered as a substitute in the following words. That Thomas Paine be directed to attend at the bar of this house, on Monday next at 11 o'clock, to answer whether he had any direction or permission from the committee of foreign affairs, for the publications of which he confessed himself to be the author, when he was before the house on the 6th day of January last.

"Another amendment was moved, as a substitute to both the foregoing propositions, in the words following; Whereas congress were about to proceed against Thomas Paine, secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, for certain publications and letters, as being inconsistent with his official character and duty, when the said Thomas Paine resigned his office; thereupon resolved: That the said Thomas Paine is dismissed from any further service in the said office, and the committee of foreign affairs, are directed to call upon said Thomas Paine, and receive from him *on oath*, all public letters, papers and documents, in his possession.

"A fourth amendment was moved as a substitute to the whole, in the words following—Resolved, that the committee of foreign affairs be directed to take out of the possession of Thomas Paine, all the public papers, entrusted to him as secretary to that commitee, and then discharge him from that office."

"When the question was about to be put, a division was called for, and the question being put to adopt the first part, passed in the affirmative.

"On the question to adopt the second part, the yeas and nays being required, it was resolved in the affirmative.

"The question being then about to be put on the main question, a division was called for, and the yeas and nays being required on the first part by Mr. M'Kean—Resolved *unanimously* in the affirmative.

"On the question to agree to the second clause, namely, 'and then discharge him from that office;' the yeas and nays being required, the states being divided, the clause was lost."

It should be remembered, that under the old confederation, congress voted by states, and it was a permanent rule, that whenever it should happen, that the states were equally divided, the vote passed in the negative. Thus, although a *majority* of *individual votes*, were in favour of the latter clause, yet the *states* were equally divided; it was therefore lost. But Paine had *prudently resigned his office*, eight days before, and the foregoing resolves, serve to illustrate *the manner* in which *his resignation* was accepted.

All this happened while Mr. Jefferson was governor of Virginia, and being a matter of public notoriety, must necessarily have been known to him; indeed he probably knew it sooner than most people, in consequence of "the line of communication, which he was forming, by expresses southward and northward," of which congress approved. By way of digression, it may be remarked, that Mr. Jefferson was one of the earliest to digest and establish a line of communication, by expresses southward and northward, which besides being approved at "*the time, which tried men's souls*," was found to be *eminently useful*, when he was intriguing to be elected president of the United States. I have heard it said, that Mr. Jefferson was himself, one of the first express-riders, under his own plan, and that he rode so fast, people were wicked enough to say, it resembled *a flight*. But to return to Paine. I pledged myself to prove, that Paine was *a traitor to his trust;* that he was publickly reproached by congress, and dismissed from office, in consequence of his treachery, and that Mr. Jefferson, could not have been ignorant of the fact. For this purpose, the journals of congress were consulted, and found to contain the record of disgrace, which was fastened upon Paine, at an early period of the American war. The above extracts from those journals, incontestibly prove, that Thomas Paine was guilty of a flagrant violation of the oaths he had taken, when sworn into the office of secretary, to the committee of foreign affairs; that he was arraigned at the bar of congress, upon a charge of "disclosing matters, the knowledge of which was acquired in consequence of his office, which he was directed to keep secret;" he was thereupon convicted of a breach of oath, inasmuch as he did not "well and faithfully execute the trust reposed in him; having published certain documents and written letters, inconsistent with his official character and duty."

Supposing the character of Mr. Jefferson to be in any degree better, and more entitled to respect, than that of Thomas Paine, (and in the single article of sobriety, I do believe it is,) taking this for granted, I say, he ought not to consort with that man; and if Paine be not absolutely resolved to ruin his patron, both morally and politically, he will say to him, like Shakespeare's Helena in her soliloquy, of the exiled Roussillon;

> "Shall I stay here to do it? No No: although,
> The air of Paradise did fan the house,
> And angels offic'd all; *I will be gone;*
> *That pitiful rumour may report my flight*
> *To consolate thine ear.* Come, night; end, day!
> For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away."
>
> THE EXAMINER.

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ESSAY III.

CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE.

I am aware, that at a time when the study of all factious men has long been to flatter the people, in order to avail themselves of their authority, to accomplish the objects of their own interest or ambition; it is an ungracious task to speak unpleasant truths that are the reverse of flattery, and that tend to destroy illusions that are soothing to some of the most agreeable feelings of the human mind. If I wished to make use of the people as my tools, I would prostrate myself before them—and, in order to render them my servants, I would hail them as my master.

But true friends are not flatterers—Government is an immense and complicated machine, in which every thing has its place; and if any one of its component parts is deranged, the whole machine is immediately destroyed.

That all power is derived from the people* is an undeniable truth;—and the consequence is as apparent, that all power should be employed for the happiness of the people. But it by no means follows that the people ought to exercise the whole, or any part, of the power that is derived from them, unless it can be proved that such exercise is essential to their happiness.

When I say that all power is derived from the people, I hope I shall not be understood to countenance the curious supposition that men, in a state of brute nature, previous to the institution of society, agreed to meet together in a great plain, and there discussed, with all due solemnity, the comparative excellence of different forms of government, selecting and rejecting such articles as should compose their Constitution in future; giving it a sanction of their united suffrages, and committing it *in writing*, for the guidance of their posterity, under all possible future emergencies; though the very word Government must be, in that state, unknown to them, and the art of writing an invention to be discovered, centuries after, by future generations.

What I mean is only this: that in whatever manner Governments insensibly grow amongst mankind, the power consists in the aggregate mass of the people, though it is exercised by the few who are trusted with it, and who would cease to have any power at all to exercise, if the people should refuse to obey, and to enforce their authority. Now in that view it is clear, that the governors were made for the governed, and that it is an abuse of the institution whenever the happiness of the governed is made subservient to that of the governors.

As it was impossible for men ever to have existed in a perfect state of nature, so it is absurd to derive any argument from the compact, which is supposed to have been made when they changed it for the state of civil society. Families may be supposed to have united for their common benefit, and population to have increased. Hunters became herdsmen, and herdsmen agricultors. Wandering tribes may have grown stationary, and towns at last may have produced the first principles of manufacture and commerce. Laws and institutions must have grown gradually out of the several situations in which men found themselves, till the *Constitution* they at first adopted bore no resemblance to that in which their societies were perfected. The patriarchal government of distinct families was certainly not conferred by the people who formed it, and who had grown up under it from infancy, in habits of obedience and deference to their common parent: different families united, and submitted themselves, probably, to the authority of the most venerable of these little sovereigns. Warlike tribes felt too sensibly the necessity of subordination, not to adopt that chief whose valour and experience led them on to conquest—and so of the rest; but in all these suppositions it must have been rather the acquiescence of the peo-

* All power is derived from God, but the writer subsequently explains himself.—EDITOR.

ple to the institutions they were born under, and to the gradual changes, which accident or necessity introduced, than any actual consent in their formation.

In the more advanced conditions of civil society, it is evident, at least in great empires, that the more numerous class of the community are necessarily, from their situation, disqualified from not only bearing a share in the administration of the government, but from even forming an opinion of it:—their passions may be easily inflamed by popular appeals to them, but their judgments can never be sufficiently informed to direct them in a discreet decision upon matters beyond their competency. The people of France were called upon to express their opinion no less than three times, in the course of about three years, as to what form and constitution of Government they would wish to live under. In their instructions to their representatives, at the meeting of the Etats Genereaux, they decided almost unanimously, after as much deliberation and as much instruction as could then be laid before them, to claim their old constitution of the three estates—Clergy, Nobility, and Tiers Etat, with the Monarch at the head of them, both as Legislator and sole instrument of the Executive Power.

A constitution differing not very essentially from that of England, but in the separate order of the Clergy. To this form, expressed in writing, as their will, their Representatives solemnly swore to conform themselves, as in duty bound. No sooner had that Assembly, in defiance of their oaths, overthrown that Constitution, and, in its stead, substituted one that, under the name of Monarchy, threw all the power into the people, by confiscating and proscribing Clergy, Nobility, and even the Sovereign himself, who was a prisoner in his palace, than the people were too happy to confirm the usurpation—and, in the persons of their Representatives, in the second Assembly, to acknowledge that order of things which was in direct contradiction to their former instructions. There was then a third Revolution, in the shape of a Republic, which formally dissolved the Monarchy, and most materially changed the Constitution which the first National Constituent Assembly had so lately and solemnly established, and which the people had been so eager to swear the maintenance of, to the peril of their lives and fortunes; and to this also the people, through their Representatives, in a National Convention, summoned for that purpose, gave the willing sanction or consent.

The truth is, they never gave their consent, that is, a rational consent, to any one of these propositions, because they never understood them.

In the first instance they were told, and told truly, that there existed many abuses in the administration of their Government, which might be remedied by reclaiming their ancient Constitution, now grown obsolete, and that they would, in future, be happier.

In the second instance, that by confiscating the possessions of the Clergy, and plundering the Nobility, as well as the ancient domains of the Crown, they would pay off the load of National Debt, and be freed from taxes; and that by destroying the class of the Gentry, every peasant would be a gentleman himself.

In the last instance they were told, that though all their hopes have been deceived, that the abuses of Government have increased ten fold, though their debt has been doubled and tripled, though their miseries are augmented in every way in the same proportion, it is to the existence of Monarchy alone they owe their disappointment. Is it wonderful that their credulity should be duped eternally by artful men, or their passions heated by fanatics?—and that ignorant peasants and mechanics should not be equal to see the effects of political innovations, when the most virtuous and the wisest men in all ages, who have made Government their peculiar study, have scarcely thought themselves equal to so arduous a task as to prescribe a Constitution of Government for their posterity.

One observation more upon the consent of the people—If they were ever so competent to form an opinion upon great political questions, their *actual* suffrages could never be collected in a great empire. Recourse is then had to their *virtual* consent, which is assumed to be the same thing by those who have any use to make of it.—But, in the name of common sense, is not this a mere illusion?—A elects B, who elects C as a Legislator, who is to use his own discretion; can A be said to have given his consent to the acts of C, which he could know nothing of, and which, perhaps, when it comes to his knowledge, is exactly the thing, which hurts his immediate interests, or shocks his prejudice? His Religion may be abrogated, or his Monarch sacrificed by such a proxy, whilst he dreamt of nothing less than becoming a Jacobin and an Atheist.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO OLIVER OLDSCHOOL ESQ.

SIR,

As a subscriber to the Port Folio, of which you are the editor, I take the freedom to congratulate you, and to felicitate the public, upon the fortunate approach of a speedy conclusion of those *slanderous papers*, which have *sullied* the pages of your weekly miscellany, for a considerable time past, under the title of "Interesting Travels in America, translated from the German of Bulow." It is not my design to give you advice, at this time, for the period is already past, when counsel would have availed, to procure the suppression of a work, which, in point of *baseness*, has, in my estimation, no parallel. But it may not be amiss to inform you, that you have greatly injured the reputation, and tarnished the fair fame of the Port Folio, by making it the vehicle of such malicious falsehoods against your own country. It is a rule of law, sir, that the publisher is equally culpable with the author of a libel, and when the application of this rule is made to you, how will you defend yourself, before the tribunal of the public? You would not be permitted to give the truth in evidence, nor would it be in your power, if you were. That you pay some deference to public opinion, I have no doubt. Even the morose Dr. Johnson is represented as having been solicitous about what the public thought of him and his writings; I have some reason to hope, therefore, that you will, at least, take the trouble to vindicate yourself from the reproaches, which are lavished upon you, by reason of the publication above-mentioned; by none more than

your humble servant,
CENSOR.

Notwithstanding the *style* of the above address, which the "morose Dr. Johnson" would most certainly have called *objurgatory*, we will not altogether disappoint the expectation of our subscriber correspondent, who has thus abruptly put us upon our trial before the "tribunal of the public." He shall be answered, though the defence we may set up, should not be drawn with all the technical precision of an attorney's brief.

It was supposed that the readers of the Port Folio were already apprized of the nature and tendency of the work, which has called forth animadversions, so spirited, and epithets, so harsh, from our correspondent. The editor was studiously careful to guard against any unfavourable impression on the public mind, in consequence of the publication of Bulow's Travels, by first presenting a Review of the work, which may be found in numbers 9, 10, 11, of the Port Folio, for the present year, and by a free criticism, prefatory to the publication of the work itself, which commenced in our eighteenth number.

Not deeming a bare reference to former palliatives sufficient to satisfy the mind of our *public accuser*, we will indulge him with a repetition of two or three sentences, from our prefatory remarks.

"The picture, which this Prussian delineator, or *dauber* has drawn, is, *in many respects, a frightful caricature;* but as it is often eminently useful to hear distinctly the reproaches of our enemies, the Editor of the Port Folio was of opinion, that to know even the unfavourable sentiments, which a foreigner entertained of America, might interest some, and *instruct* others."

"It is proposed to publish a portion, and perhaps the whole of the journal of our Prussian traveller. Amidst much *partiality*, *malignity*, and *misrepresentation*, it contains some wholesome, though perhaps, unpalatable truth, and much interesting description, conveyed in a style, far from phlegmatic."

"Of the opinions of this prejudiced Prussian, it is unnecessary for the Editor to *express his frequent disapprobation*. By publishing them in his journal, he invites the public attention, in the sure and lively hope, that many a scrutinizing eye will *detect* and many an ingenious hand *describe*, the *fallacies* of an *insolent and presumptuous* writer."

We regret that our correspondent, who is so profuse of *general* censure, had not undertaken to detect and refute the fallacies of Bulow, we should most readily have given place to his speculations, nor are we compelled, without reluctance, to apply to him, in vindication of ourselves, one of our author's concluding sentences, "the truth should be told, and those who cannot bear it, should be laughed out of countenance."

AN AUTHOR S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

A serious, yet very elegant writer, presses upon the careless mind the following momentous truth.

Bountiful as is the hand of Providence, its gifts are not so bestowed, as to seduce us into indolence, but to rouze us to exertion; and no one expects to attain to the height of learning, or arts, or power, or wealth, or military glory, without rigorous resolution, and strenuous diligence, and steady perseverance. Yet we expect to be Christians, without labour, study, or inquiry. This is the more preposterous, because we cannot reasonably expect to become proficient, by the accidental intercourses in life, as one might learn insensibly the maxims of worldly policy, or a scheme of mere morals.

The baffled infidel, gnashing his teeth, is reluctantly compelled to acknowledge, with this author, that even if wholly unarmed for the contest, however, Christianity may be forced from her untenable posts, and compelled to disembarrass herself from her load of incumbrances, she never can be driven out of the field by puny assailants, with all their cavils, gibes, and sarcasms.

—

Let the ensuing remark warn the procrastinator, and stimulate the sluggish.

A writer is extremely prone to look forward to some vacant season, in which he may devote his whole time and attention to some work, free from the interruption of other concerns, and he is still farther urged by this fallacious hope, because he hopes, to render his work more worthy. Meanwhile, life is wearing away, and the sorrowing loiterer becomes more and more convinced, that he might wait in vain for this season of complete vacancy. We have every one of us a work to accomplish, a work, to which we are naturally indisposed. We live in a world abounding with objects, which distract our attention and divert our endeavours. Some enemy is always at hand to terrify, or some

syren to seduce us. If we *persevere*, success is certain, but our efforts must know no remission. There is a call on us for vigorous and continual self-denial, resolution, and activity.

—

The following beautiful portrait, from a moral limner, is painted from the life, and in colours, which glow with brightness, and will last for ages.

The temper of a Christian is not a temper of sordid sensuality, or lazy apathy, or dogmatizing pride, or disappointed ambition. More truly independent of worldly estimation, than philosphy, with all her boasts, it forms a perfect contrast to Epicurean selfishness, and to Stoical pride, and to Cynical brutality. It is a temper, compounded of firmness and complacency and peace and love; and manifesting itself in acts of kindness and of courtesy a kindness, not pretended, but genuine; a courtesy, not false and superficial, but cordial and sincere. In the hour of popularity, it is not intoxicated or insolent, in the hour of unpopularity, it is not desponding or morose; unshaken in constancy, unwearied in benevolence, firm without roughness, and assiduous without servility.

—

A self balanced character, full of energy, fertile in resources, of an elastic spirit, and a stout heart, will not droop, though favour be withdrawn, and splendour fade, and wealth take wings, and even health decay. He may then stand, to use the eloquent phrase of the orator, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous, stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye, the solid strength of his substantial texture.

Pondere fixa suo est, nudosque per aera ramos
Attollens, trunco non frondibus efficit umbram.

—

The following comparison is fairly run, and is eternally true.

The seminal principle, which contains within it, as in an embryo state, the rudiments of all true virtue, though feeble, perhaps, and lowly in its beginnings, yet *striking deep* its roots, silently progressive, and almost insensibly maturing, will shortly, even in the bleak and churlish temperature of this world, lift up its head, and spread abroad it branches, bearing abundant fruit, precious fruit of refreshment and consolation, of which the boasted products of *philosophy* are but *sickly imitations*, void of fragrance and flavour.

But

Igneus est *ollis* vigor, et cœlestis origo.

—

This passage is descriptive of a numerous sect in every country.

Many men, forgetting alike the duties they owe to themselves and to their fellow creatures, often act as though their condition were meant to be a state of uniform indulgence, and vacant sloth. To multiply the comforts of affluence, to provide for the gratification of appetite, to be luxurious without diseases, and indolent without lassitude, seems the chief study of their lives.

—

In Bunyan's Pilgrim, we still admire the allegory of a race and a warfare in the Christian course, of the irksome descent into the vale of Humiliation, of the gloomy transit through the shadow of Death, of the perilous combat with an infernal adversary, and the pernicious blandishments of *Enchanted* ground. A more modern author has thus eloquently expressed similar ideas.

Conscious of the indispensible necessity and of the arduous nature of the service in which he is engaged, the true Christian sets himself to work with vigour, and prosecutes it with diligence. His motto is that of the painter, "*Nullus dies sine linea.*" Fled, as it were, from a country, in which the plague is raging, he thinks it not enough just to pass the boundary line, but would put out of doubt his escape beyond the limits of infection. Prepared to meet with difficulties, he is not discouraged when they occur; warned of his numerous adversaries, he is not alarmed on their approach, or unprovided for their encounter. Of the state of such an one the expressions of *Pilgrim* and *Stranger* are a lively description. There is indeed none by which his state on earth is, in the Scriptures, more frequently imaged, or more happily illustrated than by that of a journey; and it may not be amiss to pause, for a while, in order to survey it under that resemblance. The Christian is travelling on business through a strange country, in which he is commanded to execute his work with diligence, and pursue his course homeward with alacrity. The fruits, which he sees by the wayside, he gathers with caution; he drinks of the streams with moderation; he is thankful when the sun shines and his way is pleasant, but if it be rough and rainy, he cares not much, he is but a traveller. He is prepared for vicissitudes; he knows that he must expect to meet with them in this stormy and uncertain climate of the world. But he is travelling to a better country, a country of unclouded light, and undisturbed serenity. He finds, also, by experience, that when he has had the least of external comforts, he has always been least disposed to loiter, and if, for the time, it be a little disagreeable, he can solace himself with the idea of his being thereby forwarded in his course. In a less unfavourable season, he looks round him with an eye of observation: he admires what is beautifnl; he examines what is curious; he receives with complacency the refreshments, which are set before him, and enjoys them with thankfulness. Nor does he churlishly refuse to associate with the inhabitants of the country, through which he is passing, nor so far as he may, to speak their language, and adopt their fashions. But he suffers neither pleasure nor curiosity, nor society, to take up too much of his time, and is still intent on transacting the business which he has to execute, and on prosecuting the journey, which he is ordered to pursue. He knows also, that to the very end of life, his journey will be through a country, where he has many enemies; that his way is beset with snares; that temptations throng around to seduce him from his course; that the very air disposes to drowsiness, and that, therefore, to the very last it will be requisite for him to be circumspect and collected. Often, therefore, he examines where he is, how he has got forward, and whether or not he be travelling in the right direction. Sometimes he seems to himself to make considerable progress, sometimes he advances but slowly, and too often he finds reason to fear that he has fallen backward, in his course. Now, he is cheered with hope, and gladdened by success; now he is disquieted with doubt, and then damped by disappointments.

—

The stile of Dr. Johnson is generally considered as very remote from that of Addison. The regular triplets, the Roman words, the pompous march of the sentences, in the first, vary essentially from the careless frankness of Addison's easy expression. Yet Addison might have written the ensuing passage, which, though found in the Rambler, is neither solemn nor stately, neither formidable with dreadful words, nor sonorous with elaborate declamation.

Though I have, like the rest of mankind, many failings and weaknesses, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies been charged with superstition. I never count the company, which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either shoulder. I have like most other philosophers often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and I have sometimes been reproached as fool-hardy, for not turning down my eyes, when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly because a snake crosses my way, nor have any particular dread of a climactrical year; yet I confess that, with all my scorn of old women, and their tales, I consider it as an unhappy day, when I happen to be greeted by Suspirius, the screech owl.

—

In the "Meteors" I read and relished the following. As the *front* of my evening was occupied with the grave, let the "*rear of night*" be brought up by the gay.

Although they write of ardent sighs
The wanton look, the coy surprise,
All envious poets have confest,
My love of rival fair the best.

Around her form so neat, so gay,
Ten thousand rosy Cupids play,
Behold her undulating hair,
Ten thousand flowing charms are there.

How oft her speaking eyes impart
Ten thousand wishes to my heart,
Ten thousand times I long'd to sip
The nectar of her coral lip.

There are, although to those I yield,
Ten thousand other charms conceal'd;
Extatic charms! By love's decree
Destin'd, *exclusively*, for me.

A wag, attentive to my lays,
Thus resolv'd her boasted praise:
"Friend Tom, my learned head expounds;
Thy Sylvia has TEN THOUSAND POUNDS"

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I wish you would inform us what this great town is employed about; the middle of December is arrived and nothing brilliant transpires; no clubs to abuse, no tea-parties to ridicule, no scandal to spread, and, what is still more alarming, I hear it is to be the fashion to be profoundly grave and sentimental, all this winter. To procure mirth, we are by no means to venture further than a *conundrum*. Now, as I make but an awkward figure at this witty invention, I wish you to propose something to the young ladies and gentlemen, in which all our wits will have a chance. What can be more embarrassing to a young lady, like myself, than immediately on her entry into a room to hear half a dozen voices, at once scream out, Oh! I'm glad you're come; I have just made a most excellent conundrum. Tell me why Mr. Jefferson is like this, tell me why Tom Paine is like that. As I have been very unfortunate in many of my replies to such heterogeneous questions, I pass for a stupid numscull, totally unfit for any polite circle. Perhaps, you will think I am only envious of the superior skill and readiness of my companions at conundrums; it may possibly in some measure proceed from the very ridiculous figure I have made in attempting to be prompt in expounding those laughter-moving witticisms. I do not think the amusement, in itself, altogether contemptible; as we have some great examples before us, in the correspondence of Doctor Swift, Sheridan, and others, in which puns, conundrums, rebusses and enigmas are frequently introduced, and make no inconsiderable figure in the lucubrations of those distinguished wits. But, whilst those chieftains in wit and humour were unbending their minds by these indulgencies, even such trifles partook so strongly of the native genius of those great men as to procure for their sportive sallies considerable reputation.

Do, Mr. Oldschool, let us know *what your thought likes*, on this occasion. Prithee call forth your lieutenant Saunter to your aid, who has been a long time napping. The office of Lounger appeared so well suited to his love of ease, that I expected we should have been more frequently favoured with his reveries. I do not wish to rouse

him, or induce you to employ some ill-natured old matron, to count our petticoats, and expose the scantiness of our wardrobes. No, on that score, our subject has been sufficiently discussed. I wish to see the pages of the Port Folio occupied, once more, with sprightly essays, and judicious criticism, and your "Author's Evenings" should never be sleepy or stupid. But, for heaven's sake, give us no more *Interesting Dutch Travels*. We have been sufficiently bored with that mass of incongruity; and the translation of so much ill-natured stupidity was unworthy the attention of an American. It was scarcely worth his while to take the trouble of *translating* falshoods and misrepresentations, from Germany, when he could by putting the Aurora *into English* have furnished us with falshoods at much less expense. What are we to think of the heart, eyes, blood and brains of this *Dutchman*, who has the impudence to assert that the blooming belles of Philadelphia are "*old women, at eighteen*," and *their flesh universally flabby and unwholesome?* He must have had a bad assortment of associates. But the fellow does not deserve a serious reply, to such palpable absurdities. I must now conclude, with requesting you not to pass unheeded the first part of this address, in which I solicit your assistance in our behalf. If we are to have no assemblies, no card parties, &c. &c. to assist us, we shall in killing time be at our wit's end, to know how to dispose of ourselves, and shall absolutely be obliged to have continual recourse to Mr. *Harwood's* and Mr. *Philip's* libraries *for food for the mind.*

BEATRICE.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10th, 1802.

POLITE LITERATURE.

[From a correct and chaste compilation, entitled "The Female Mentor," lately republished by Mr. Hoff, of this city, and which we recommend to our *Lady* readers, as a salutary substitute for the *frivolous* novels of the circulating library, we extract the subsequent well written article. We have read *profounder* disquisitions on the amiable character of SHAKSPEARE'S affectionate Imogen, but nothing more pleasing and just. Every *good wife*, among the numerous married dames, who peruse this paper, will discover a near resemblance to her own character, in this interesting full length of one of the most perfect women we ever read of, at least in fictitious history.]

ON THE CHARACTER OF IMOGEN.

At the last meeting, the conversation turned upon the excellence of Shakespeare; but several ladies asserted that he certainly had no very favourable opinion of women, because most of his female characters were either insipid or wicked. Some persons remarked, that in his days there were no women on the stage; and that men could ill supply the delicacy of female characters. Cleora stood forth the champion of our admired bard, and said, that if he had not many excellent female characters, he had at least delineated *one*, which could not be surpassed by any author. Imogen, in the tragedy of Cymbeline, was the character to which she alluded; nor could the warmest imagination conceive a more perfect woman; as she would endeavour to shew on the next meeting. Accordingly Cleora read the following remarks:

The first interesting part where Imogen appears, is in the act of taking leave of Posthumus, her husband, who is banished by the king, her father: yet in this distressful moment, separated from the person the dearest to her in the world, she shews no resentment against her father; but only a proper firmness to bear those ills he chooses to inflict upon her:

> My dearest husband,
> I something feel my father's wrath; but nothing
> (Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
> His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
> And I shall here abide the hourly shot
> Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
> But that there is this jewel in the world,
> That I may see again.

When she is taking leave, the king, her father, enters, reproaches, drives Posthumus away with the most contumelious language, and extorts from her the following tender expressions of regret for her husband's departure:

> There cannot be a pinch in death
> More sharp than this is.

And after Cymbeline vents his anger against her,

> O disloyal thing!
> That should'st repair my youth, thou heapest many
> A year's age on me—

She is so wholly absorbed in grief for the loss of Posthumus, that she is insensible to every other circumstance, even to her father's unkindness, which, at another time, she feels most exquisitely.

> I beseech you, Sir,
> Harm not yourself with your vexation;
> I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
> Subdues all pangs, all fears.

When the king reproaches her for marrying Posthumus—

> Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
> A seat for baseness—

Imogen replies,

> No, I rather added
> A lustre to it.
> *King.* Oh thou vile one!
> *Imogen.* Sir,
> It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
> You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
> A man worth any woman; over-buys me
> Almost the sum he pays.

In the next scene, where Pisanio informs her that he had taken leave of Posthumus, and seen him embark, how beautifully is her affection expressed:

> *Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
> And question'st every sail: if he should write,
> And I not have it, 'twere as a paper lost
> With offer'd mercy in it. What was the last
> That he spake with thee?
> *Pisa.* 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"
> *Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?
> *Pisa.* And kiss'd it, Madam.
> *Imo.* Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
> And that was all?
> *Pisa.* No, Madam; for so long
> As he could mark me with his eye, or I
> Distinguish him from others, he did keep
> The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
> Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
> Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
> How swift his ship.
> *Imo.* Thou should'st have made him even
> As little as a crow, or less, ere left
> To after-eye him
> *Pisa.* Madam, so I did.
> *Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack't 'em, but
> To look upon him; till the diminution,
> From space, had pointed him sharp as my needle;
> Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
> The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
> Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
> When shall we hear from him?
> *Pisa.* Be assur'd, Madam,
> With his next vantage.
> *Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had
> Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
> How I would think on him, at certain hours,
> Such thoughts, and such; or, I could make him swear,
> The She's of Italy should not betray
> Mine interest, and his honour; or could charge him,
> At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
> T'encounter me with orisons; (for then
> I am in heaven for him) or ere I could
> Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
> Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
> And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
> Shakes all our buds from blowing.

When Iachimo alarms her fears, and raises her jealousy for her husband's conduct, how feelingly she says,

> You do seem to know
> Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
> (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
> Than to be sure they do; for certainties
> Or are past remedies, or timely known,
> The remedy's then born) discover to me
> What's both you spur and stop.

And when he artfully relates pretended tales of her husband's infidelity, to induce her to be unfaithful in return, and praises her beauty, she says,

> Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
> So long attended thee—If thou wer't honourable
> Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
> For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange—

Her anger increases justly, till Iachimo calms her by saying,

> Give me your pardon,
> I have spoke this to know if your affiance
> Were deeply rooted.

When Imogen receives a letter from Posthumus to desire her to meet him at Milford-Haven, how delightfully animated she appears.

> Oh for a horse with wings! hear'st thou Pisanio!
> He is at Milford-Haven: read and tell me
> How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
> May plod it in a week, why may not I
> Glide thither in a day? then, true Pisanio,
> Who long'st, like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
> (Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
> But in a fainter kind——Oh, not like me;
> For mine's beyond beyond.——
> How far is it
> To this same blessed Milford: and by th' way
> Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
> To inherit such a haven!
> Pr'ythee, speak,
> How many score of miles may we well ride
> 'Twixt hour and hour?
> *Pisa.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,
> Madam's enough for you; and too much too.
> *Imo.* Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
> Could never go so slow: I've heard of wagers,
> Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
> That run i' th' clock's behalf—but this is foolery.

When Pisanio represents the difficulties of her escape from court, and other embarrassing circumstances, attending her journey, she says,

> I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
> Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
> That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee,
> Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
> Accessible is none but Milford-way.

When she arrives at Milford-Haven, in the full expectation of meeting Posthumus, how admirably is her distress painted upon seeing Pisanio's misery.

> Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
> That makes these stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
> From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
> Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
> Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
> Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
> Vanquish thy steadier senses.

When Pisanio gives her the letter, she says,

> Speak man; thy tongue
> May take off some extremity, which to read
> Would be ev'n mortal to me.

When she has read the letter, and finds that Posthumus accuses her of infidelity, how mildly and pathetically she proclaims her innocence, in a manner which no guilty person could do:

> False to his bed! what is it to be false?
> To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
> To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,
> To break it with a fearful dream of him,
> And cry myself awake? that false to his bed?

When she submits to die, how great is her fortitude and composure, and what angelic patience:

> When thou seest him,
> A little witness my obedience. Look!
> I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
> The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
> Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief:
> Thy master is not there, who was indeed
> The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike;
> Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
> But now thou seem'st a coward.

When Pisanio says,

Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand—

how greatly she shews her love for her husband, and the impossibility of her wishing for life under his disapprobation: but though she longs for death, her religion forbids self-murder—

Why I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
(Something's afore 't—soft, soft, we'll no defence.)
Obedient as the scabbard! What is here?

In her eagerness to be killed, how affecting it is to see her produce the letters of Posthumus from her bosom; and in the midst of her desire to die, and her misery at being accused, she shews her exquisite love for him, when she says,

"And I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me...Pr'ythee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too!

When Pisanio wishes to save her life, with what noble spirit she exclaims,

Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
I've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear
(Therein false struck) can take no greater wound.

When Pisanio still exhorts her to live, how feelingly she answers,

Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

At last, with the hope that Posthumus has been deceived, she consents to live; resumes her firmness of character, and agrees to disguise herself as a boy, and to seek a retreat in the service of Lucius, the Roman ambassador. Having wandered in the forest for two days without food, she says,

I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.——
Two beggars told me;
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie.
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? yet no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear Lord!
Thou art one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even before I was
At point to sink for food—but what is this?
(*seeing a cave*)
Here is a path to it; 'tis some savage hold—
'Twere best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardiness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend—Ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heavens!

How interesting does she appear when, having satisfied her hunger, she comes out of the cave, and addresses Bellarius and his companions:

Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold strew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

And when she meets with a kind reception, how fine is this sentiment:

Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes)
Could not out-peer this twain.

Her remarks upon the two brothers are charming:

So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differ in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guiderius says to his brother,

Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

How pathetic is Imogen's reply:

So sick I'm not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me,
Stick to your journal course. The breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort to one
Not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

When Imogen awakes from her lethargy, which was occasioned by the drug she had taken, she incoherently dwells upon her affection for her husband, and her impatience to meet him.

Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thank you—by yon bush—pray how far thither?—
'Ods pittikins, can it be six miles yet?—
I've gone all night—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

As she lies down she perceives the body of a man beheaded.

But soft! no bedfellow: oh Gods and Goddesses!
The flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the cares on't—I hope I dream;
For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. 'Tis not so;
'Twas but a blot of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes,
Are sometimes, like our judgment, blind. Good faith
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in Heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh! Gods! a part of it!

How forcible is the following passage,

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—the garments of Posthumus.

Then follows her incoherent expressions, on supposing the headless body to be that of Posthumus murdered by Pisanio. When she is discovered by Lucius, lamenting over the supposed Posthumus, and he demands who she is, she answerd most affectingly,

I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may
Wander from east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

When she is hired by Lucius, she says,

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the skies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when,
With wild wood-leaves and weeds, I've strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

When Imogen finds Posthumus alive, and that he is convinced of her innocence, the only reproach she makes him for his cruel suspicions is,

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Before the conclusion she proves her unambitious character and true disinterestedness. When Cymbeline discovers his two sons, he says to her,

O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

She replies,

No, my Lord,
I've got two worlds by it. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met?

These passages, which are selected from the speeches of Imogen, may be esteemed the most striking and beautiful parts; but scarcely any line can be read where some sublime sentiment is not expressed, or some indication of a firm and virtuous mind is not displayed. To detail all the beauties of this character, would be to detail all the speeches of Imogen, and cannot fail of pleasing every reader of delicacy and discernment, because she is feminine and natural. She appears to be almost a perfect character. Her only error was that of marriage without parental authority; for which she apologizes when she says, "Sir, it is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus; you bred him as my playfellow, and he is a man worth any woman." But the poet has justly made this only reprehensible part of her conduct as the cause of her misfortunes.

Imogen is placed in a variety of distressing situations; and most persons will agree, that were she to act differently in any one particular from what she does, she would not act so well. She displays the strongest conjugal affection, contained within the bounds of delicacy; duty and submission to her father, as far as is consistent with her superior duty to her husband; she is steady in her chastity, though artfully led to believe that her husband was unfaithful, and even abandoned to every thing that was dissolute. She is not outrageous when she is accused of incontinency, though the accusation is worse to her than death. She shews no ill-will to Posthumus, though he orders her to be murdered; and anticipates his misery when he will find that she was innocent. She bears sickness and fatigue with patience and fortitude; and lastly what to most persons would be a severe trial, she relinquishes a crown without feeling any mortification.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Great preparations are making at Washington for war. The president is scouring a rusty helmet, found on Carter's mountain, after Tarleton had left this country. The attorney general is *forging* and *hammering* many *heavy* weapons of defence. The secretary of war, has actually contracted for two or three extra bundles of matches, *more or less*. The *dry docks* have been swept, but not garnished; and we learn that a rusty nail, rescued by democratic parsimony from federal squanderers, has been recently whetted into a pike, to pierce Spanish aggression to the very core.

—

A letter from a friend, contains the following paragraph. The Editor can only add in the words of Ovid—Pudet hæc opprobria nobis et dici potest, et NON POTUISSE REFELLI.—In other governments, a private man may be known and respected, without the adjuncts of wealth or public office, but in a republic, a private citizen, unless he is a demagogue, is like a drop in the ocean, and bears no proportion to the irresistible might, and impenetrable wisdom of the sovereign people.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The lampoons are numerous and caustic, which we receive, at the proper cost of a great man, the proprietor of a charming mansion. and the lover of inky charmers. Heroes and statesmen, in every age, have solaced their cares with love.

Atrides with his captive play'd
Who always *shar'd* the *bed* she *made*,
Each hero kiss'd his maid and why
Though *I'm no hero*, may not I?

"RAINBOW" must be a descendant of a noted *changeable* character, in this city, who has tried all parties, and been trusted by none.

For all must own his worth completely tried,
By *turns* experienced, *upon every side*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Vinosum ubique tutum esse.

Happy the man, with old Madeira prim'd:
He needs not, Joe, the cane with latent sword,
The pocket-pistol, oaken cudgel dire,
Or pugilistic might.*

Whether through *Southwark-lanes* he darkling roam,
Where phiz of righteous man is rarely seen;
Or in *Spring-garden*, perilous abode
Of butchers, savage tribe!†

For erst from *Hardy's*, as, at one, I reel'd,
Roaring a joyous catch, and *arm'd with wine*,
From box octagonal a *watchman* sprung,
But, me beholding, fled.‡

So huge in make, was never *catchpole* seen,
When he on hapless debtor claps his claw,
And sturdy drayman, from Hibernia's bogs,
Was never his compeer.

Place me at some remote Virginia inn,
Where drunken democrats the state amend
Where nought but hog and hominy is found,
And toddy, tiff abhorr'd.‖

Place me a knot of ancient crones among,
Drench'd with hot water, bor'd with sombre whist;
There will I silent muse the joys of wine,
And for a *wassail* sigh.**

* Integer vitæ.....
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

† Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, * * * *
* * *

‡ Namque me sylva *lupus* in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen *
* * * * * *
Fugit inermem:

‖ Quale portentum, neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

** Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * *

†† Pone sub * * *
* * * * *
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

Mr. Paine, of Boston, a gentleman of classical education, and brilliant fancy, has been greatly celebrated for his felicity in the lyric stile. His Ode entitled "Adams and Liberty," has been reprinted in England, and commended even by the austerity of British criticism. The ensuing pathetic lines it is our pleasure to preserve in the Port Folio. They are equally honorable to the heart and the head of the author. The scriptural allusion in the close of the third stanza is finely introduced; the office of Charity is very nervously described; and the apostrophe and the picture in the last stanza, are eminently poetical and pious.

ODE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS PAINE, ESQ. AND SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE "BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM."

Shall man, stern man, 'gainst heavn's behest,
His cold, unfeeling pride oppose;
To thankless wealth unlock his breast,
Yet freeze his heart to Orphan's woes?

Weak casuist! where yon thunder broke,
Seest how the livid light'ning glares!
Behold it rives the *knotted oak*,
But still the *humble myrtle spares*.*

Let stoic valour boldly brave
The wars and elements of life;
But more like heaven, who stoops to save
A being, sinking in the strife;
Poor exiles! wandering o'er this sphere,
Through scenes, of which *you form no part*;
Lov'd Orphan Girls! come welcome, *here*.
Th' Asylum of the human heart.

Sweet Charity! thou sprite benign,
Who oft art seen in angel form,
To point the sun-beam where to shine,
Or rein the coursers of the storm!
Oh! through yon dark and dripping cell,
Where sorrow's outcast offspring weep,
Flash, as when Peter's fetters fell,
And bid the woes, *that guard them*, sleep!

Warm'd by thy beams, the frost unkind,
Which blasts sweet woman's vernal years,
In dew exhal'd, shall leave behind
Pure Gratitude's unsullied tears!
So shall our Orphan Girls no more
Lament the untimely blight of woe;
But rear'd to Virtue, thrice restore
To generous Man, the debt they owe.

Blest Providence! whose parent power
All being gives....for all provides;
Co-equal, when it paints the flower,
As when it curbs old Ocean's tides!
See, lorn and piteous, at thy throne,
Love, Mercy, Hope and Homage sue;....
They weep for sorrows not their own,
They bend, *dear Orphan Girls*, for you!

* Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft Myrtle
SHAKSPEARE's Measure for Measure.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Every mail now brings us, not only irrefragable arguments, but specimens of brilliant wit and humour, levelled against our feeble administration. The following lampoon is from the *Wasp*, whose sting is *sharp*, and who is justly angry. The officer, in our "*Mumbo Jumbo*" government, whom Waspish wit derides, is a prominent object of political ridicule. He is charged with being more assiduous in the toils of a *Political* "Farmer," than in those of official duty. He *declaims* and writes heavy folios of metaphysics against the clergy, and the late administration. In a barbarous and involved style, he labours to diffuse the exploded theories of democracy, while his own political skill and experience are so limited and so manacled by the blindest prejudice, that like those *infant* legislators in the French Tiers Etat, described by Burke, "he has not seen the state; no not so much as in a *picture*."]

FARMER LINCOLN IN FURIOUS FRET.

THE FARMER SPEAKETH:

Upon my word, I do declare,
The deuce is in our nation:
In vain I rant, and curse, and swear,
And bawl for moderation.

CHORUS.

For moderation all do know
I am a spanking fellow:
To moderation I will hold,
As long as I can bellow.

When to affright the fed'ral crew
I threat extermination,
And with loud bawlings try to shew
My zeal for moderation.

The stubborn rascals little heed
My noisy declamation;
But laugh, and say Lincoln's indeed
Red-hot for moderation.

Whene'er I stammer out a lie,
Somewhat like boys at school, sir,
They strait set up a hoot and cry
Fierce Levi's turn'd a fool, sir,

And when my master to obey,
'Bout priests I make a racket,
The dirty scoundrels dare to say,
He needs the bedlam jacket.

And then, to crown this vile abuse,
Some saucy wags have said, sir,
The President's bull-dog let loose,
Is running raving mad, sir.

Sha'nt I, who hold the people dear,
Who hate prevarication,
Who get some hundred pounds a year,
Roar out for moderation.

In honour's temple I've a seat,
But scarce have touch'd a dollar;
And will feds try me thence to beat—
By Jove it stirs my choler.

These feds are worse than Nick of hell
I'm bold enough to say, sir;
He'd let me fill my pockets well.
They'd drive me poor away, sir.

My salary to me is dear,
I love it to a penny;
For pay I'll rant, and howl, and swear,
And he who wont's a ninny.

To Washington I strait will go,
And then I do assure ye,
When I come back I'll lay feds low,
And make them feel my fury.

And now beware, each fed'ral lad,
Nor vent on me your spite, sir,
If Farmer Lincoln has grown mad,
Take care he doth not bite, sir.

CHORUS.

For moderation all do know
I am a spanking fellow;
To moderation I will hold,
As long as I can bellow.

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE WRITINGS OF *BOILEAU*, ON ST. PAVIN, AN AVOWED ATHEIST, AND SO GOUTY, THAT HE COULD NOT WALK.

Alidor, assis dans sa chaise,
Médisant du ciel à son aise,
Peut bien médire aussi de moi.
Je ris de ses discours frivoles:
On sait fort bien que ses paroles
Ne sont pas articles de foi.

PUBLISHED FOR
THE EDITOR & ELIZABETH DICKINS,
BY WILLIAM FRY,
No. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.
H. MAXWELL, PRINTER.